HIS NEW YEAR'S GIFT

BY WM. GLYNN

Though it was yet afternoon the studio was like twilight. The reflecting colors of pictures, the red restfulness of a divan, the stained curtains for models, the disorder hinting thousand temperamental hours, the blotched floor, the elegance become interesting and tawdry, an atmosphere which suggested the lingering of moments—it all seemed apart from the day outside, from the north light peering above a half-rolled blind.

The artist-occupant sat examining some drawings. He was strongly built, in his early thirties, not handsome, but with eyes remarkable for their glance. His face had the brooding, sensitive quality. The drawings, impressions in wash and crayon, which he went over slowly and of which there were scores, presented an art that only few have been capable of. He had caught character and life in a thousand moods and stories, had done it with that intimacy which cannot be defined. He finished the drawings with something of a sigh then with something of a smile as his eyes dwelt on a picture set on an easel. Slowly his face filled with mocking satire. The painting was that of a young woman done with almost irradiance. It seemed to portray, not flesh and blood, but the thousand things of feeling which the blood served, the throbbing music which is played on temperament. The character was conceived and translated poetically, but its very nuances were striking because of the grasp of the artist. Yet did one fancy it—did the smile on the lips change with an indefinable stain to what was coarse and light even as you looked at it? Had Hastings' repeated gloatings of satire wrought this subtle difference in a thing done so tenderly? Or had his brush unintentionally brought out beneath everything the feminine eternal that would not be denied, in the flux of bloom shown the nestling worm? In the varied mystery of life in which nothing dies, where perhaps even thoughts become colors of flowers, who can know or dispute anything?

It was New Year's day and the afternoon was melting away. Hastings threw himself on the couch and for a long time rested, regarding the painting with a changing aspect. The grayness of a thousand days seemed to settle over him, of drifting and not caring, yet carrying downward with him that gift supreme, of knowing that beauty was the necessary dream, but that the world and woman always made of it a lie, that truth could be spoken of only after money. He could think in those terms and yet he did not altogether. His need to appreciate was too strong. In art, at least, he could follow life in tone, however deeply and personally he understood its irony. But he was no longer sure that he cared to follow it. The laugh and bitterness of the intervals must increase. He would become a dilettante, glorious perhaps, but careless. And he would be careless, that was the worst of it. At any rate he could color desuetude with a bright aspect, could gamble like a good fellow what was left. He would not appear hard hit.

At this point he invariably added a postcript to his thinking. If she had only cared for the other man. He could bear that and have gone on. But, after many times previously confessing her love for him, she had stood there that day they had parted four months ago and stated so businesslike and with smug, immovable philosophy: "A woman must marry money these days for her own sake." Coming from her, it was unimaginable and left him flat. He could not point out that she had much money of her own, that for him success must come very soon, and that it was his greatest hope she would wait for him. She already knew these things as she knew that he loved her. He had made no answer to her because there was none. Her statement killed even the thought that she was being coerced. If she had only left it possible for him to think beautifully of her. Nothing else mattered quite so much as that. And yet he did think beautifully of her in spite of everything, though he could not but think in the terms of her own statement last. But it was "all in the game." A man must laugh at those things, whatever the laugh did to him. He was facing another year today, that was all, and her marriage to the other man took place that night.

A black cat came out of the corner washing its face in the center of the room. A homeless kitten, it had appeared the first day she had come, stealing in the door at the time of her departure. He had kept it as an omen of good luck and more. That was something like nine months ago if such time could ever be reckoned by calendar. She had told him then that she was a model, but had refused to pose for him without drapes. Who she really was he had found out weeks later. It was too late then, for he had fallen in love with her.

There was a knock at the door, and he went to open it. Stanton, the editor of a powerful weekly, entered. He stalked around the room as one with something to unload, and, at length, flinging himself on the couch, proceeded brusquely:

"Hastings, you're an awful ass, and because it was New Year's I dropped in to tell you about it. Ten weeks ago your picture won highest honors at the London exhibit. Two weeks later you repeated in the Metropolitan with another picture. But you have not been acting like a successful man, but to the regret of your friends, like a sloth and a fool. A couple of the boys have seen you beastly drunk. You have shut yourself away from everyone and everything. You are being reviewed by every important journal in the country, and yet you mope around as though you were your own valley. There are one or two of us who have begun to think it is a woman. We do not know of any woman but that cussed portrait is always sitting there. And I do believe the thing lives."

Hastings laughed a little. "It is purely fanciful," he said, "not really a portrait. And, of course, it is absurd to think of a woman in the matter. I suppose that I have not been quite well. Let us have a drink, because it's New Year."

I'll be hanged if I will, Hastings. I believe you have been drinking too much. I have got to go now. I just turned in for a minute. But do not forget what I have said."

"I will not forget, Stanton; and thanks for your interest. We cannot sometimes explain ourselves to ourselves."

After Stanton had gone he took out his watch. It was five o'clock, and she was to be married at nine. would sit in the rocker and go to sleep. He would waken probably about twelve and know that it was all over. He would have a sandwich first and put the decanter of claret beside him. Claret always had a tendency to make him sleep, particularly if he put a little sugar in it. He did these things, but it took him hours to drowse off, and only after he had turned the portrait on the easel.

It seemed but a minute had passed when he awoke. Of course he knew that he was not awake, that he was dreaming. Someone was weeping softly on his shoulder, caressing his hair. Only one woman on earth had that aroma of person. If anywhere in the world he found one of her hairs and touched his cheek with it he would have known to whom it belonged. Then her eyes, penitent and wet with tears, came around, slowly meeting his. With a start he realized that he was awake. He held her, looking at her as something to marvel at. She explained it all in a whispered breath. "I could not do it, Paul," she said. "I ran away from them, from them all. Will you—will you marry me now, dear—tonight,"

He looked and saw that she wore a wedding gown.

"There never was a minute when I would not," he replied.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Prepare For Liming Acid Soils.

There are a great many Florida soils which need lime. The general farmer will have no pressing work to do during the winter and he could prepare to apply lime on such of his fields as need it. It is important to apply the lime before the crop is planted. It may be spread on the land before spring plowing is done and it will become thoroughly incorporated in the soil during preparation.

According to F. M. Rast, in charge of the soils department of the University of Florida College of Agriculture, it is not wise to apply lime to soils indiscriminately. Determine first whether they need it. Lime is known to hasten the destruction of organic matter. This is especially true of Florida where the winters are scarcely cold enough to stop the action of soil bacteria. Ground limestone is the safest form and is more lasting than others.

There is no satisfactory method of determining in the field the amount of acidity. The litmus test will give some idea if the soil is badly in need of lime. Procure from a drug store blue litmus paper. There are two kinds, red and blue. The blue is used to indicate acid. Mr. Rast describes the method as follows; Put the paper in a small bottle so that it will not come in contact with water or sweat from the hands. It is best to handle the paper with tongs or tweezers. Open the soil with a long kitchen knife, insert the strip of paper, and pack the earth around it tightly. After a few minutes take the paper out and examine it. If the litmus paper has turned red the land is acid, the greater the reddening the greater the acidity.

If the soil is not moist a little may be moistened with distilled or neutral water and the test made with that The litmus may be placed on glass and the soil plastered over it. This will enable one to watch the progress of the change. It might be well to test the water with the paper because if it is acid there is no use in using it to wet the soil. Test the field in several places. Then apply lime in accordance with the redness of the paper. Be careful not to apply too much. More lime can be added but years are required to incorporate organic matter.—Agricultural News Service.

Live at Home.

The prosperity of a community is reflected in its farms. In general the thrift of its people is indexed in its grocery stores. It does not take a man with a strong imagination to picture the rural scene reflected by the corner store, because the store responds to the community's demands. Shelves upon shelves of canned goods indicate slip-shod rural life. One can see the run down farms, the delapidated buildings and weedy fence rows.

Except in rare cases where the materials for home consumption cannot be raised, the farmer should apologize when he buys a can of food products. His purchase is a reflection upon him and his community. If more farm products were preserved for home consumption there would be less reason to fear misbranded, impure or spoiled goods. When the farmer preserves his own products he knows what he has. There can be no uncertainty as to purity, quality or age. These factors alone are sufficient to induce the practice, without the additional saving of money.

The University of Florida Extension Division is urging home production for the foregoing reasons. There is hardly a week, in this favored state, when some farm product cannot be preserved for future consumption.—Agricultural News Service.

The man who keeps on the even tenor of his way never gets off his base.

Augustus B. Longstreet, Humorist

HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT

in Southern Woman's Magazine

In a recent summary of American humorists following the death of Robert J. Burdette, there is no mention of the most original genius of them all—Judge Augustus B. Longstreet, of Georgia. Not only was he a rare humorist, but, as was characteristic of the Old South, he was initiative—striking the first note. Poe was father of the modern detective story, and Longstreet was father of the American dialect story.

When Judge Haliburton was studying Yankee traits and presenting them in the character of Sam Slick, Judge Longstreet was performing a like task for the pioneer Georgian, the difference being that the latter's studies took the form of dialect stories of literary quality and finish. Both the Nova Scotia judge and the one in Georgia chronicled provincial types which have passed away or been modified by the veneer of civilization. Sam Slick now deals in high finance instead of wooden clocks; while our Ransy Sniffles may still fight with pantomine fury invisible foes—no less real because invisible—as economic conditions and tariff. Perhaps the types persist under veneer.

It was notable that the Southern Literary Messenger for the years 1835-38 contained writings of Poe and reprints from the works of Longstreet. Poe held the position of "critical reviewer" when there came to his desk a little unbound volume entitled: "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian, Augusta, Ga." Our sad-faced genius read—and for once forgot heart-aches and bitterness and "let his rare laugh echo through the old Literary Messenger office at Richmond." Then he wrote: "This book has reached us anonymously not to say anomalously—yet it is most heartily welcome. . . . If this book were printed in England it would make the fortune of its author. . . . We are told that the publication of these pieces commenced rather more than a year ago in one of the Gazettes of the state, and were favorably received." "For the last six months," says the author, "I have been importuned by persons from all parts of the state to give them to the public in the present form." The reviewer adds: "This speaks well for Georgia taste. . . . Thanks to the long indulged literary supineness of the South, her presses are not so apt in putting forth a saleable book as her sons are in concocting a wise one."

It should also be noted that American literature was supposed to be centered in the land of Sam Slick, which sadly restricted the scope and quality of the so-called "American" output. However, the fame of Longstreet went abroad. There is indisputable evidence that "Georgia Scenes" was in reach of Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, when he wrote his "Trumpet Major." This man of letters Southern literature the compliment of adapting from the pages of the anonymous little volume by a Native Georgian, the sketch of a "Militia Drill" and giving it a place in the "Trumpet Major."

In another way was our Georgia humorist introduced to Northern notice. In the House of Representatives during a sectional debate after the war, a Republican member was making an inflammatory speech, "pawing in the air," pacing the aisle, shaking his fists and challenging his Democratic opponents—when Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, interrupted the bloodless onslaught by requesting the clerk to read from "Georgia Scenes." Amidst tumultuous laughter and applause from the whole body, was read "A Lincoln County Rehearsal." The fiery orator did not resume his remarks. Thus did Ransy Sniffles become a national character.

If anyone doubts its lasting power of humor read from "Georgia Scenes:" The Fight, The Gander Pulling, The Debate, The Horse Swap, The Shooting Match, The Ball, The Fox Hunt.

In the Southern Literary Messenger of June, 1838, is a reprint of one of Longstreet's sketches entitled "Little Ben," with this editorial note:

"The readers of the Messenger cannot have forgotten the rich treat we gave them from the first volume of 'Georgia Scenes,' two years ago. We are rejoiced that the very talented author has determined to come out with a new series—the first of which—'Little Ben,' we transfer to our columns from the Augusta Mirror, a very neatly printed and well edited periodical just started in Augusta, Ga."

"Little Ben" is a literary gem. Again, if the lasting quality of Longstreet's humor is doubted, read this classic. There is something about each Georgia scene absolutely inimitable and irresistible.

In historic St. Paul's churchyard at Augusta, site of the Revolutionary Fort Cornwallis, is the tombstone of Judge Longstreet's father, bearing this inscription:

SACRED
to the
Memory of
WILLIAM LONGSTREET
who departed this life
September 1st 1864
Aged 54 Years
10 months and 26 days

"All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he
That is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

Our Georgia humorist inherited original gifts and a merry heart from "Billy" Longstreet, inventor of the steamboat. When a lad the humorist had watched the trial trips of this boat on the Savannah. William Longstreet had the distinction of being the one steamboat inventor who was not disappointed. He had a happy philosophy for doing what he set out to do, and being satisfied. He set out, between the years 1786-88, to show the folks who laughed at him that he could make a boat and run it by steam.

Robert Fulton, profiting by the experiences of Rumsy, Fitch, and early projectors, backed by money and influence, finally achievd the Clermont on the Hudson; while Longstreet's boat was left to rot on the banks of the Savannah. It would be a curious study to estimate just where Fulton would stand among steamboat inventors if he, like Longstreet, had lived in a Georgia village, with no Chancellor Livingston, no French Acadamy, no Earl Stanhope, no James Watt—with nothing but raw material and native genius for assailing the halls of fame.

William Longstreet made no ambitious claims; he filed no exceptions against Providence, Fame or Fortune, because of failure. He was perfectly willing for such promoters as Fulton to introduce steam navigation. When we think of the grievances of disgruntled inventors in general, of the wails of poor, dear Eli Whitney in particular, because he was not allowed to let his patent cover the practical roller-saw gin of Oliver Bull, and so create the first American monopoly of industry—we have a rising respect for our uncommercial Longstreet. After proving to Augusta folks that he could do it, he "laughed last," and turned his attention to the more profitable employment of applying steam to the cotton gin.

The younger Longstreet, of same happy philosophy, never pursued literature as a profession, but merely wrote from exuberance of humor and for entertainment of friends. Antebellum Georgians of the college community of Oxford—made a center of culture by the homes of the Longstreets, Lamars, Meriwethers, Bishop Andrew, and others noted in church and state—have told of the excruciating delight of hearing Judge Longstreet read from the "Scenes." He was a rare impersonater as well as delineator of the native character, and made laughter of the "side-splitting" kind. Such fireside diversion of the old-time Georgia home was a treat that would be eagerly sought as leading attraction for Lyceum program of to-day. There is no evidence that Judge Longstreet ever gave a public reading from his writings.

"Georgia Scenes" was merely the pastime of the earlier years of a long, honorable and useful life as jurist, minister and educataor. Like many talented writers of the Old South, he never seriously considered revising and publishing his works. As Mr. Matthews Page Andrews has well said of the poets: "They sang from time to time because to them 'singing itself is so sweet.'" So Longstreet wrote for Georgians who laughed with him, and thought not of fame.

Furthermore, under ministerial dignity and influence of early Methodism, he even discredited such profane writings as chronicled the raw, unregenerate and virile Georgian.

Professor Carl Holiday writes: "The Harper's brought out an edition in 1840, but the ex-humorist declined to revise it in any way whatever, and when the edition of 1876 appeared he absolutely disowned it. He was at that date an important figure in Southern religious and educational movements. He had been president of Emory College, Centenary College, Louisiana, South Carolina College, and twice president of the University of Mississippi; his orations had given him a name for eloquence, his newspaper and magazine articles showed that the literary spirit was merely represented, not extinct."

There is a letter written by the scholarly Mr. Salem Dutcher, of Augusta, to Judge Longstreet, under date of March 6, 1867, referring to a lecture Mr. Dutcher had prepared on The Wits of Georgia, and urging the republication of "Georgia Scenes." There is a mention in this letter of a less humorous, but no less interesting, work of Longstreet that had come from the press during the war, entitled "Master William Mitten," which had afforded Mr. Dutcher "abundant solace" during tedious rail travel. We would judge from such high opinion, that in this little war time book, our Native Georgian had again "concocted a wise one."

We must reverse the decision of this Georgia judge against his own work and accept the verdict of Poe, who concludes his review with these words:

"Altogether this very humorous and very clever book forms an era in our reading. It has reached us per mail without cover. We will have it bound forthwith, and give it a niche in our library as a sure omen of better days for the literature of the South."

A book that marked "an era in reading" for the Master—whom Tennyson called the "literary glory of America"—deserves a niche, not only in our libraries, but in halls of fame. There should be new editions of a book that survives with unstaled flavor the test of time. When a really representative American literature is catalogued, along with Poe in originality will be classed the Father of the Dialect Story—Longstreet—Georgia Humorist.

Think Satan Good Workman.

Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall, known as the Devil's Wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that, on account of the firmness of the mortar and the imperishability of the stones, Satan had a hand in its construction.

"Oh!" said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle," I have passed the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage"—then it stuck.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Don't Plunge Hastly, but Consider Carefully Promises You Make.

Beware, gentle reader, for January 1 approaches. It is time for you to begin to pause in your wild and woolly career for the nonce and consider wisely and well, the particular style of good resolutions that it is your firm purpose to put into immediate and drastic effect on that date. Do not plunge hastily into the matter, and waste a perfectly good resolution. From my personal experience I know that it is a human weakness, in a moment of sentimental and saffron-hued regret, to tie oneself up so tight in an ironbound and ill-considered New Year's resolution that it takes frequently till January 15 to separate oneself from it, and it can be done then only with considerable mental anguish and a badly lacerated conscience.

I have on hand now a varied and general job-lot assortment of shopworn, good resolutions adopted unanimously by the committee on resolutions at its annual meeting sometime between the 25th and 31st of December. None of these resolutions has been used long at a time. They are not frayed on the edges or wabbly in the bushing from excess of use. They look awfully good at this gladsome time of the year when one's bank account appears delicate and remorsful. This is the time for a good resolution to make its strongest appeal to you. You survey the field with an anxious and appealing eye, and looking for comfort and succor. The good resolution steps blandly forward with a smile; bright and cheerful looking with an open, honest face like the insidious book agent it slips a blank into your ready and nerveless hand and says, "sign here." You are in no mental or physical condition to refuse. You can't turn anything down, much less a good resolution. It is likely the night before you could not even turn the bedclothes down, but probably rested your weary head on the pillow and spread your classic form over the hand-worked, snowwhite counterpane. You put your hand to your solid ivory, but throbbing nut, and try to recollect your thoughts. You mentally review the past and see nothing in it to cheer you up, not a single bright spot.

On top of this someone sticks a package of letters under the door. You open them slowly, and there you find the gas bill, the coal bill, the rent bill, the grocery bill and you vainly attempt to calculate at what time next spring by the strictest economy and by cutting out cigars and highballs, you can reasonably expect your bank account to be convalescent. Score, 12 to 0 in favor of the good resolution.

You try to remember if the good resolution now facing you looking so strong and vigorous has ever been introduced to you before. It looks familiar somehow. Can it by any possibility be the same good resolution that you fell for last year, which gave promise of carrying you through the good year 1915 holding you firmly on a permanent seat on the water cart and free from the nasty effects of King Nicotine? You recall with what joy you embraced said good resolution a year ago; how you fell upon its neck and clung to it in your hour of distress and brunette remorse. You reflect that it ought to be a good resolution, because it is "Made in America," but with more of less distrust you remember that something got wrong with it during the first inning, and it permitted you to "blow up" with the bases full and nobody out. "Away," you mutter, "you are no good, you failed me once, and you will do so again."

Then you turn your bloodshot eye, both of them being that way, to the dresser and you behold the necktie given you by the wife of your bosom, and with a broken sob you snatch the blank from the outstretched hand of "good resolution" and once more you are "on."

Listen—if you do it, and you will—shut both eyes and hold on to that good resolution till the Fourth of July. Don't look it over, for if you do you'll observe its imperfections. Simply exercise the tenacity of a bull pup and hold on. If you last till the Fourth it will be easier—at least I am told so.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

RAISING CAPITAL.

Young Sam Clemens and His Chums In a Coonskin Deal.

The adventures of Sam Clemens and his comrades would till several books of the size of "Tom Sawyer." Many of them are, of course, forgotten now, but those still remembered show that Mark Twain had plenty of real material.

It was not easy to get money in those days, and the boys were often without it. Once Huck Blankenship had the skin of a coon he had captured and offered to sell it to raise capital. At Selms' store on Wildcat corner the coonskin would bring 10 cents. But this was not enough. The boys thought of a plan to make it bring more.

Selms' back window was open, and the place where he kept his pelts was pretty handy. Huck went around to the front door and sold the skin for 10 cents to Selms, who tossed it back on the pile. Then Huck came back and after waiting a reasonable time crawled in the open window, got the coonskin and sold it to Selms again. The boys did this several times that afternoon, and the capital of the band grew But at last John Pierce, Selms' clerk said:

"Look here, Mr. Selms; there's something wrong about this. That boy has been selling us coonskins all the afternoon."

Selms went back to his pile of pelts There were several sheepskins, but only one coonskin, the one he had that moment bought.

Selms himself in after years used to tell this story as a great joke.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

AN ESSAY ON "NOO YEAR'S"

Little Eddie Gives His Reasons for the Annual Holiday and Its Celebration.

Noo Yeers is the time when a man takes off enuff time ter think what a fine feller he mite be if he was only a littul different. Then he makes a lot of resolusuns and stands in front of the mirror to see if there is a halo arownd his hed. The resolushuns peepul make are like the toys you buy in the ten sent stoar; they don't last long.

Another objekt of Noo Years is to giv the wine sellers and the cellars a chanct ter celebrate. On Noo Yeer's eve everybuddy goes downtown, where the lites are britest, and sit arownd tabuls to wate for the yeer to brake in. When the clocks get to the rite place and al the waiters have been pade, the yeer comes in, and then everybuddy stands up and hollers or else blows horns. Why peepul should do this I don't kno, unless it is that they don't want the year to think it has slipped in withowt ennybuddy knowing it. The feeling on the moarning aftur Noo Year's is responsible for menny of the resolushuns. Pa sez that if evvury Noo Yeer's resolushun was kept, we wuddent hafter worry abowt wet and dry eleckshuns, but as the mattur stands nobuddy heers abowt eny bartenders being lade off the furst weke in Janyouary.

Last Noo Yeer's pa sed he would make a resolution and kepe it if ma would do the same, and that each could suggest the resolushun fer the othur, and ma sed all rite. Then you can resolve, sed pa, not to ask me whare I hav been when I come home late at nite. I guess that is a good one, isn't it, Eddie, he sed to me. Then ma told him what to resolve, which was this—you resolve not to go owt at nites for a year. Pa got pritty sore, you bet, and went and got a loryer friend to get up an argyment to prove that he didn't have to live up to the agreement, being as his resolushun ottymatically nullified hers, or sumthing likt that. There was a strained atmusphere in owr howse for sum time, and now if there are eny Noo Yeer's resolushun, they are voluntary affares.

The wurst thing abowt Noo Yeer's for a boy is that it is the last day of Christmus vakashun, and for a man, that it is the day that the bills come in. I am too young to go to restawrunts to welcum in the year, but I am old enuf to know that the best resolushuns to make are to resolve not to do things I wuddent do ennyway.

HUMOR AS A WORLD FORCE.

Contrasting the Men Who Create With the Men Who Destroy.

Sir Herbert Tree in a lecture at the Birmingham and Midland institute said:

"Humor may be a help or a clog in life. Many great men have been without it. I think it may be broadly stated that men of action, the great destroyers, the men who take, are as a rule devoid of humor, while men of imagination and contemplation, those who create, who give, have the gift of humor. Among those pre-eminently gifted with humor were Abraham Lincoln, Disraeli, Goethe and Heine, the late Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Dickens, Thackeray, Fielding, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., Charles II., Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson and Byron.

"I could enlarge upon this theme until your eyelids would no longer wag. But I will content myself with contrasting as typical examples of the yea and nay of humor two of the world's greatest men—Shakespeare and Napoleon, the arch creator and the arch destroyer.

"Shakespeare gave an abiding joy, one that will contribute to the happiness, the education and the ennobling of mankind throughout the ages, 'in states unborn and accents yet unknown.' Napoleon, on the other hand, took from mankind millions of lives and set humanity wailing."—London Telegraph.

More Lovable.

Two peevish old dames were sent over to inspect a Red Cross hospital in France. They came back and reported that a black cat was kept as a pet in the institute. The head of the hospital was written to about it and replied:

"The black cat is the Tommies' mascot, and they're fond of her—a lot fonder than they were of the two old cats you sent out here to inspect us."—Chicago Herald.